

HOURGLASS

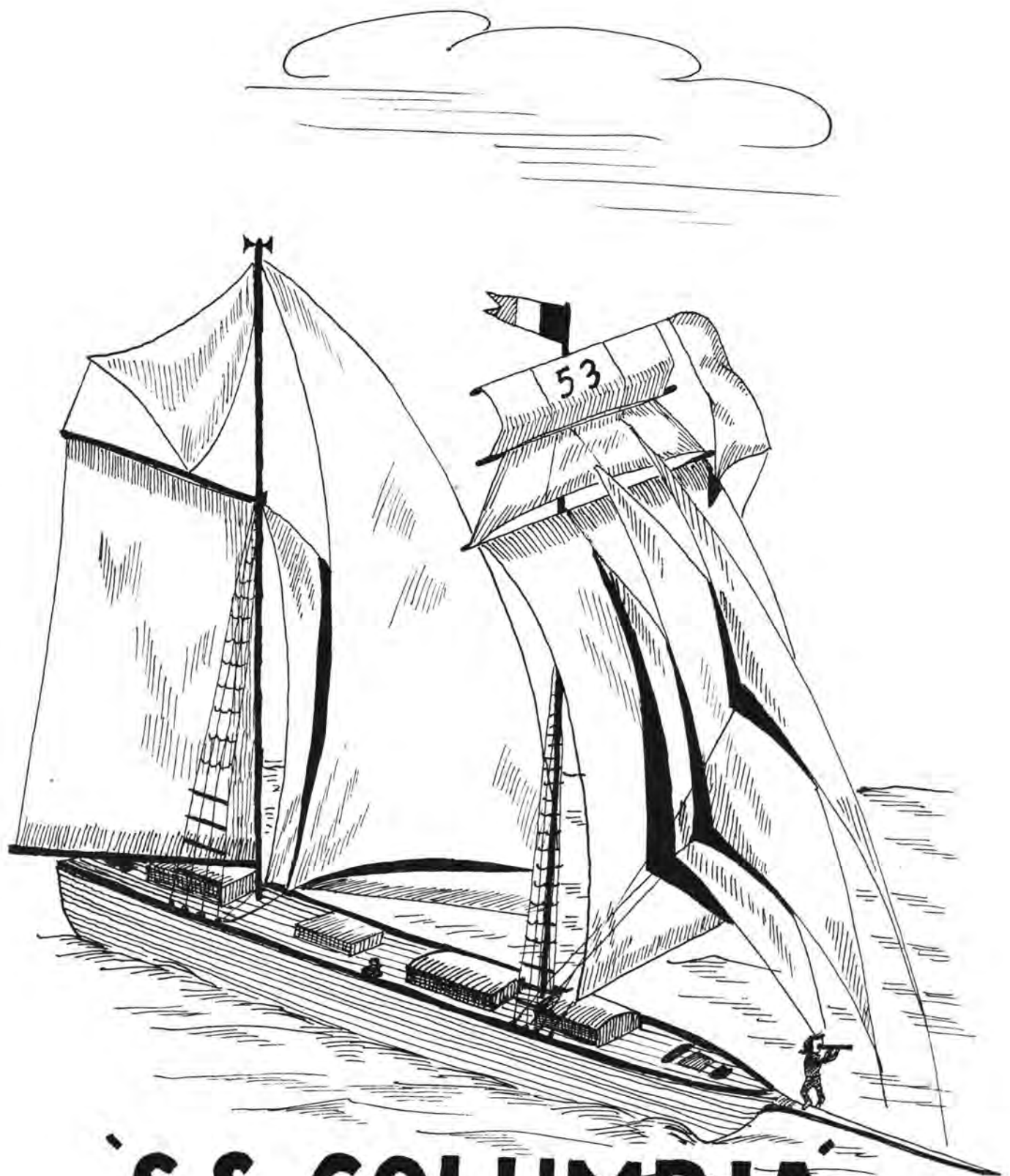


1953

THE HOURGLASS

ANN HUNT - - - - - Editor-in-Chief

ANN LITTLEFIELD - - - Business Manager



S.S. COLUMBIA

By J. H. 1889

THE STUDENTS OF THE
COLUMBIA SCHOOL
of

Rochester, N. Y.

present

THE 1953 HOURGLASS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ----- ANN HUNT '53

BUSINESS MANAGER ---- ANN LITTLEFIELD '53

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PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR ---- LINDA MCGHEE '53

THE SKIPPERS



MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON
Headmistress

Mark says that "All things are possible to him that believeth." If to this you add an eagerness to believe the *best*, each of you will have the key to the best possible life. Your unusual loyalty and your great faith in this school over the years have made it a better one. I like to know that you will continue to leaven every community of which you are a part.

Della E. Simpson

It has been fun as well as challenging to work with your class. You were willing to work; you have intellectual curiosity. Moreover, you have a sense of humor that made us all realize when we were taking ourselves and each other too seriously. We have had a *good* time with you!

Nell Skillin



MISS NELL S. SKILLIN
Assistant Headmistress

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK



TO MISS CHILD

in appreciation and with thanks for the kind and understanding guidance you have given us in our projects, large and small. We will never forget your quiet assistance on our Bazaar, forums and this book. We leave with regret, but we know that, like a ship, we can prove our seaworthiness only by going farther from the home port.

THE NAVIGATORS



Mrs. Della Simpson, M.A., Headmistress; Current History

Miss Nell Skillin, M.Ed.
Assistant Headmistress; Chemistry

Mrs. Jean Campbell, B.S.
Middle School English, Science

Miss Ruth C. Child, Ph.D.
English

Miss Elizabeth Churchill, M.A.
Mathematics

Miss Grace Diment, Diploma in teaching
Third Grade

Miss Priscilla Fergusson
Nursery School

Mr. Theodore Hollenbach
Singing

Miss Maisie Littlefield, B.S.
Nursery School

Miss Dorothy Meehan, B.S.
Physical Education, Hygiene

Mr. Alfred L. Melenbacker, Jr., B.A.
Art, History of Art

Miss Helen Monroe, B.A.
First and Second Grade

Miss Edith Nye, B.A.
History, Social Studies

Mrs. Laura Plass, Diploma in Teaching
Middle School Mathematics, Social Studies

Miss Jean Reid, B.A.
Mathematics, Science, Biology

Miss Elizabeth Stubbs, M.A.
Typing, Secretary

Miss Lucile Swetland, B.A.
Fifth Grade

Mrs. Marguerite Treman, Certificate
French

Miss Joan Twaddle, M.A.
Latin, English

Mlle. Olga Vuagniaux, Diplome Pedagogique
French, Spanish

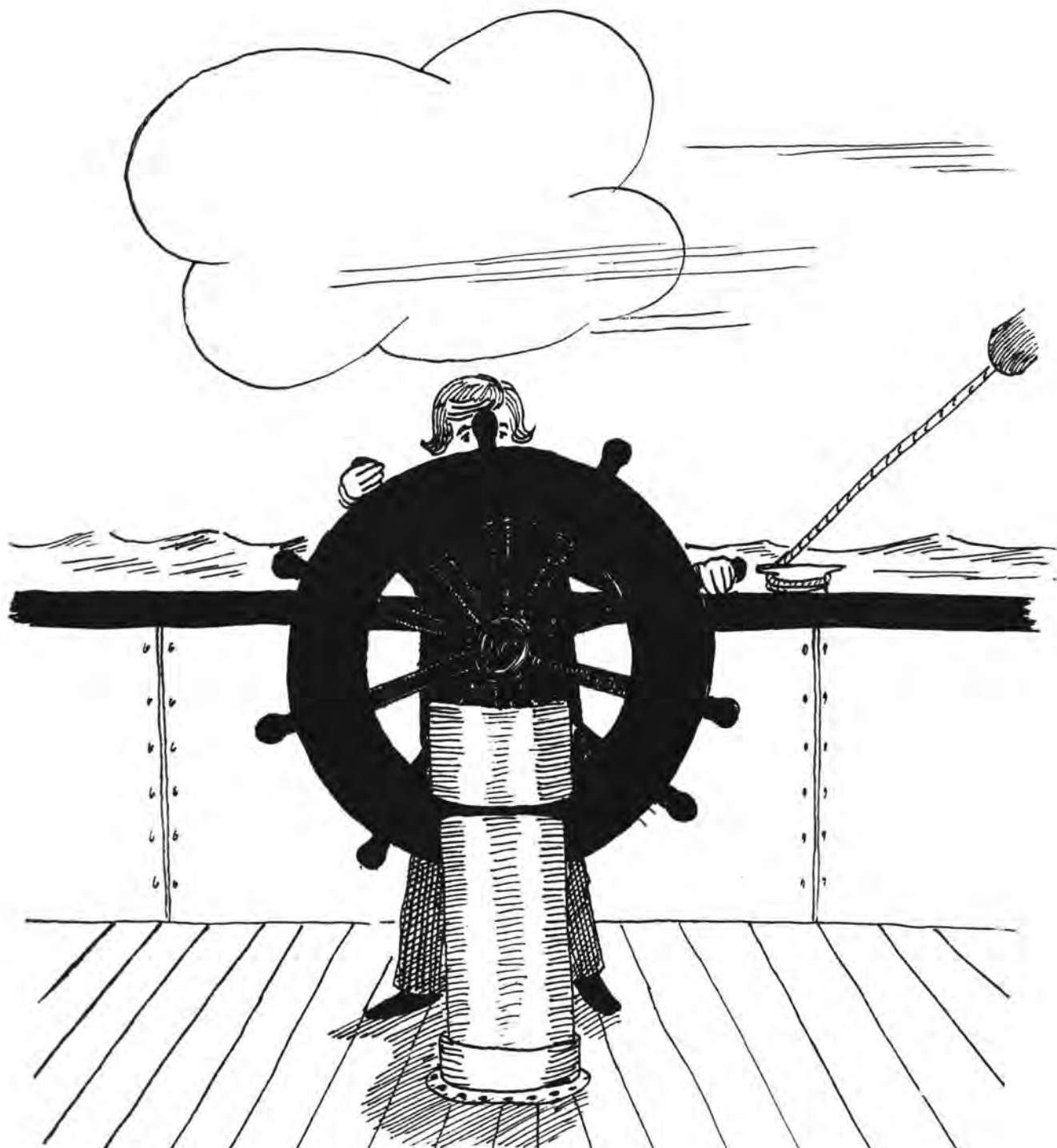
Miss Carolyn Weston, M.A.
Kindergarten

Miss Grace Alexander
Secretary

Mrs. Katherine Jensen, B.A., B.S. in L.S.
Librarian

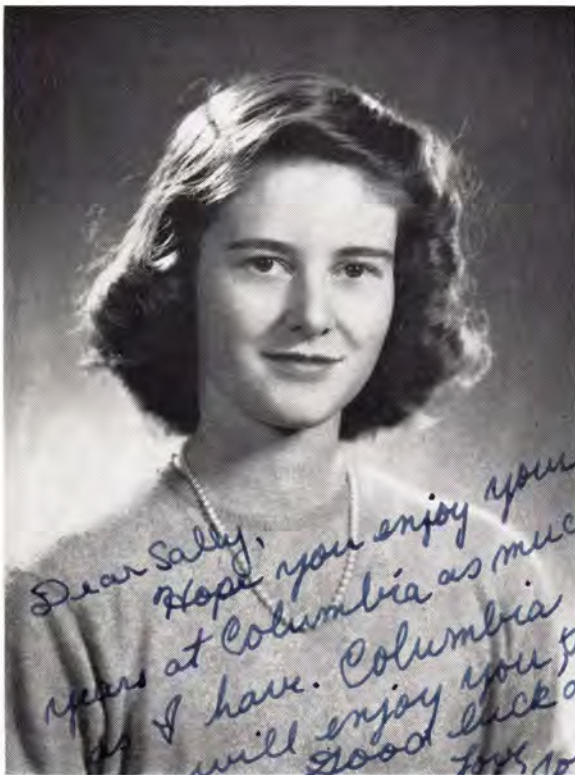
Mrs. Zelda Johnson, B.S.
Food Supervisor

Miss Lillian Jones, R.N.
School Nurse



HELMSMEN

By Young



JOANN ARLINE ALLENDORF

The Titian-haired beauty of the class . . . quiet, but we know she's around . . . our telephone chatterbox . . . a splits expert with a swivel neck . . . "What's that mumble, Mademoiselle Allendorf?" . . . the proud possessor of a much envied, placid disposition . . . and a natural brain that can make the hardest things sound so simple . . . JO.

Class President 2; Dress Committee 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer 3; Student Council 3; Food Committee Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Study Hall Committee 4; Finance Committee Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Class Forum 2,4; White Team; 3 years at Columbia.

"Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it."—A Proverb

ANN DICKINSON BARRY

"Pot" . . . she's come in first . . . a champ again . . . another trophy for her collection . . . a cosmopolitan gal who entertains royally . . . our returned wanderer . . . "Tindaloa" . . . she'll take you anywhere . . . fun to be with, and most generous with what she has . . . ANN.

Social Welfare Committee 1; Library Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Blue Team; 3 years at Columbia.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"
—Shakespeare



PAMELA NINA BENHAM

Dark brown, naturally curly hair . . . the envy of us all . . . our midget with the built-in springs . . . "Thanks a bunch!" . . . she summers in Canandaigua . . . our little Gretel . . . "Baby Benham" . . . "Dad probably has that in the store." . . . duck walk . . . musical, artistic, athletic . . . PAM.

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Social Work 2; "The Gondoliers" 1; Study Hall Committee 2; Dress Committee 3; "Hansel and Gretel" 3; *Hourglass* Staff 3,4; Class Forum 2; Chairman, Dress Committee 4; Class Secretary-Treasurer 4; White Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"Music is the thing of the world that I love most."—Samuel Pepys



Syracuse University '37

Dear Sally,
To a wonderful
little committee
member. You will
have a few more
years at Columbia,
and I know that
you will have a
wonderful time.
Best of luck always,
lots of love,
Pamela

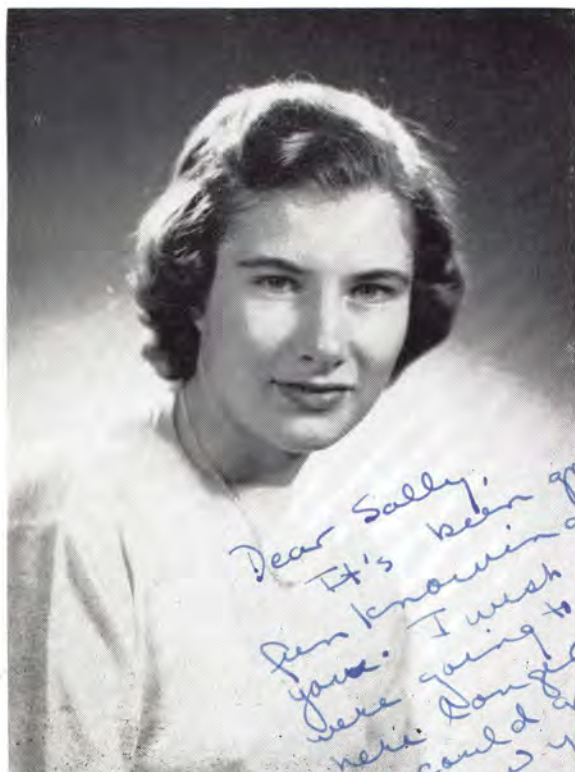
MELVA LORRAINE BILLS

Light brown pageboy . . . and expressive eyes . . . our jack-in-the-box . . . she's always popping up with a new, clever idea . . . a quiet, delightful sense of humor . . . always ready with a witty comment . . . a chemistry whiz . . . with decorating imagination . . . she's another Amelia Earhart and a "kitten on the keys" . . . LORY.

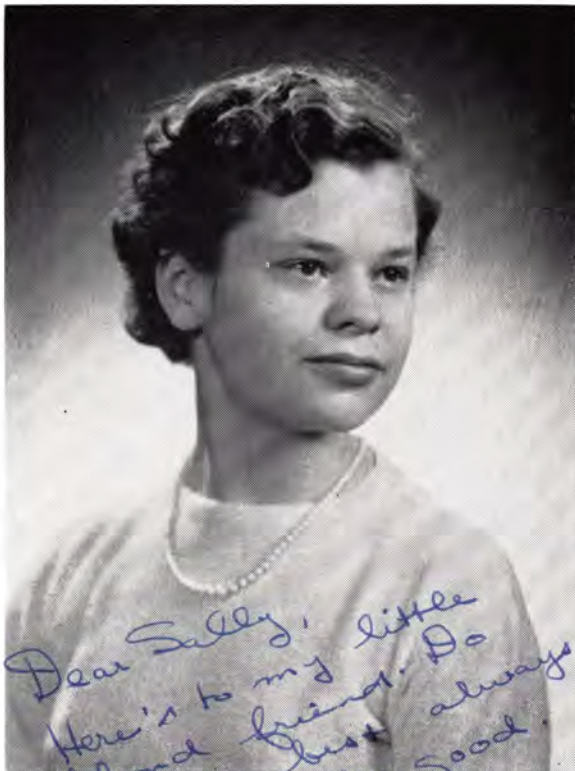
Class President 1; *Hourglass* Staff 1,2,3,4; Study Hall Committee 3; Finance Committee Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Dramatic Club 4; Secretary, Student Council 4; Decorations Committee Chairman, Graduation Dance 3; Class Forum 2,4; Decorations Committee Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"Wit and wisdom are born with a man."

—John Seldon



Dear Sally,
It's been great
fun knowing
you. I wish
were going to be
here longer so
I could get to
know you
better. Best of
luck always,
to a sweet gal.
Love
Lory



Dear Sally, little
Here's to my friend. Do
blond best always
your best good.
and be good.
Love,
Janie

JANE BURNETT BREESE

Short . . . she doesn't quite make five feet . . . curly hair . . . an inquiring mind that leaves no subject unexplored . . . "Well . . . I would say that—" . . . our industrious individualist . . . and an incessant talker . . . Little Miss Photography, the originator of Camera Day . . . a lover of horses . . . and a collector of hillbilly recordings . . . JANIE.

Hourglass Art Staff 4; White Team; 2½ years at Columbia.

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."—Shakespeare

Western
College
'57

ELEANOR MOFFETT CLARK

Beautiful blue eyes and a pleasant face . . . a vocalist of no mean talent, she's a master composer and lyric writer . . . and the chief retailer of stationery and C. S. hats . . . St. Paul's Junior Choir standard bearer . . . "Give me the list of your committee" . . . looking for a new idea? . . . ask ELLIE.

Glee Club 2,3,4; Class Forum 2; Co-chairman of Pound 3; Chairman, Graduation Dance 3; "Hansel and Gretel" 3; Keeper of Student Activities Book 4; *Hourglass* Staff 2,3; Dramatic Club 4; Social Work 4; White Team; 3 years at Columbia.

"This music mads me!"—Shakespeare

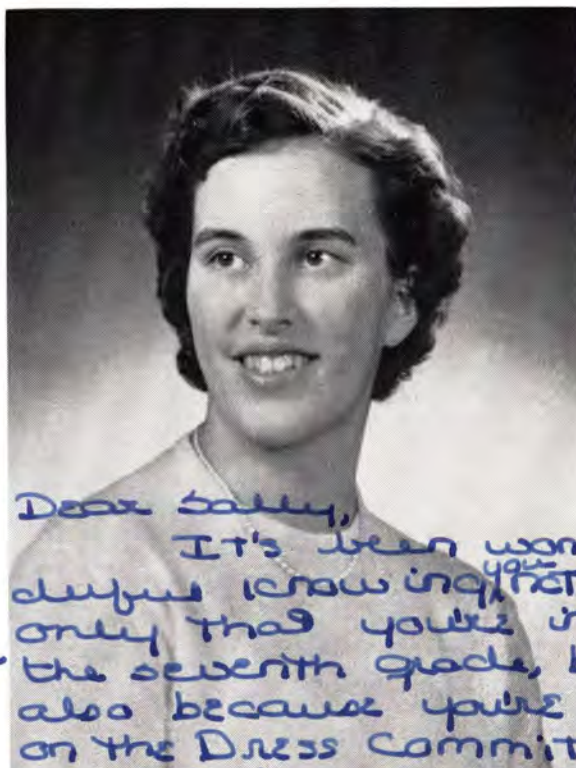


SARAH PORTER HUNGERFORD CLARKE

Big blue eyes with honey-blond curls . . . an Elizabeth Arden complexion . . . an infectious giggle . . . Sal's trinkets intrigue us all . . . the official "caretaker of the pinnies" . . . her overflowing generosity endears her to everyone . . . summers at Old Forge always sound like fun . . . with SALLY.

Library Committee 3; Dress Committee 4; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 2; White Team; 8 years at Columbia.

"As merry as the day is long."—Shakespeare
Nicole Webster Jr. College
Washington, D.C.



Dear Sally,
 It's been wonderful knowing ^{you} not only that you're in the seventh grade, but also because you're on the Dress Committee and I have come to know you better. Be good and have fun next year. Love Sally



SANDRA HOYT CLEMENTS

Short curls and an always ready smile . . . petite, but we know when she's around . . . charm that makes a perfect hostess . . . Miss Organizer of 1953, and the originator of perfect announcements . . . "Mam'selle's" favorite "goose" . . . what would she do without the telephone? . . . She's our gift to the field of social work . . . SANDY.

Social Work 1,2,3; Junior Red Cross 3,4; Social Welfare Committee 2; *Hourglass* Staff 3; Student Council 3; Glee Club 3,4; Chairman, Sophomore Bazaar 2; Class Forum 3; Chairman, Social Welfare Committee 4; Blue Team; 6 years at Columbia.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."
—The Book of Psalms



KATHARINE WILSON FARROW

Warm brown eyes . . . and a sparkling smile that lights up her whole face . . . a trip to Europe . . . a thrill just to think about . . . Martha's Vineyard, her island of paradise . . . she's the surf rider of the class . . . serves "Mam'selle" hard-boiled eggs in French IV . . . when you hear "Can you fight it?" . . . or "The table lists change today, and the Juniors begin working." . . . it's KITSY.

Flag-Raiser 1; Class Forum 2,4; Finance Committee Chairman, Graduation Dance 3; Junior Red Cross 3,4; Chairman, Library Committee 3; Social Work 3,4; Hourglass Staff 3,4; Glee Club 3,4; Chairman, House Committee 4; White Team; 6 years at Columbia.

*"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts are boundless, and our souls as
free . . ."*—Byron

Dear Sally -
It's been fun
having you aboard here
S.S. Columbia - Hope you
have as much fun in your
future years as I did -
much love & luck
Sally

SALLY WOODFORD GRISWOLD

short crop of unmanageable curls . . . and a tongue that seems to get away from her every once in a while . . . an avid sailing enthusiast . . . our Judy Holiday . . . with coordination plus . . . a collector of lost items . . . an understanding friend, with a good word for everyone . . . unforgettable stories told with an indefinable accent . . . SAL.

"The Gondoliers" 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; House Committee 2; Edwards' Fashion Board 2,3,4; White Team; 5 years at Columbia.

"There is no wealth but life."—Ruskin



SARA ANN HUBERLIE

The Webster girl with the shiny, green Buick . . . unpredictable curls of indescribable color . . . full of energy . . . one of our best Charles-toners, and a water-skiing expert . . . could we ever forget her house party? . . . she's ready to help everyone . . . a sincere friend . . . SALLY.

Hourglass Staff 2,3; Glee Club 3; Food Committee Chairman, Graduation Dance 3; Social Work 4; Class Secretary-Treasurer 4; Class President 4; Food Committee Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; White Team; 3 years at Columbia.

"What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity."—Addison



ANN FEATHERSTONE HUNT

Our class wizard . . . she's a marvel to us all . . . an historian and chemist but a fellow sufferer in French . . . "What shall I do! the chairman of the dance and I don't have a date!" . . . our "Hunt-a-bear" . . . always up to something . . . her latest accomplishment, this yearbook . . . thanks, ANN.

Dramatic Club 1,2,3,4; "The Gondoliers" 1; *Hourglass* Staff 1,2,3; Class Forum 1,4; Student Council 2; Class President 3; "Sanddrift" Staff 3; Social Welfare Committee 3; Chairman, Junior Bazaar 3; Editor, *Hourglass* 4; Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Vice-President, Student Council 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"Knowledge is power."—Bacon





ELIZABETH ANN JACKSON

Flaming red hair . . . and a million freckles . . . man or beast? no, it's Liz in her raccoon coat . . . she capers at Middlebury . . . an ardent fan of the U. of R. . . . is she ticklish? . . . our Highland Flinger and always bubbling over with pep and sparkle . . . LIZ.

Class Forum 3; Class President 3; Glee Club 3,4; Food Committee, Christmas Dance 4; House Committee 4; Blue Team; 2 years at Columbia.

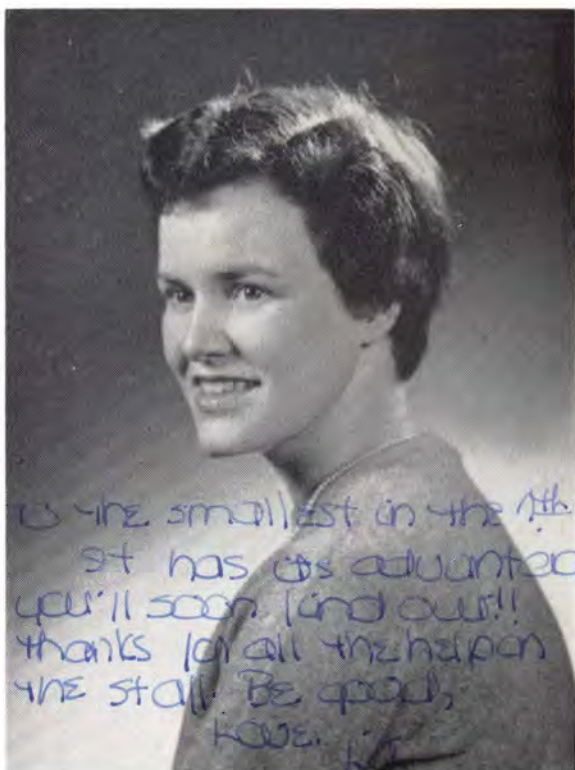
"She capers, she dances, she has the eyes of youth."—Shakespeare

ANN LITTLEFIELD

Smith '51
Our sophisticate . . . with a peaches-and-cream complexion . . . and a cheery grin for everyone . . . how we envy her curly hair . . . a reamer . . . "Kids, please get some ads" . . . if it's done by her, it's a job well done . . . she's a busy girl . . . with know-how . . . ANN.

Study Hall Committee 3; *Hourglass* Staff 3; Class Forum 3; Glee Club 3; Social Work 3, 4; "Sanddrift" Staff 3; Welcoming Committee Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Business Manager, *Hourglass* 4; Blue Team; 2 years at Columbia.

"A business, like an automobile, has to be driven, in order to get results."—B. C. Forbes

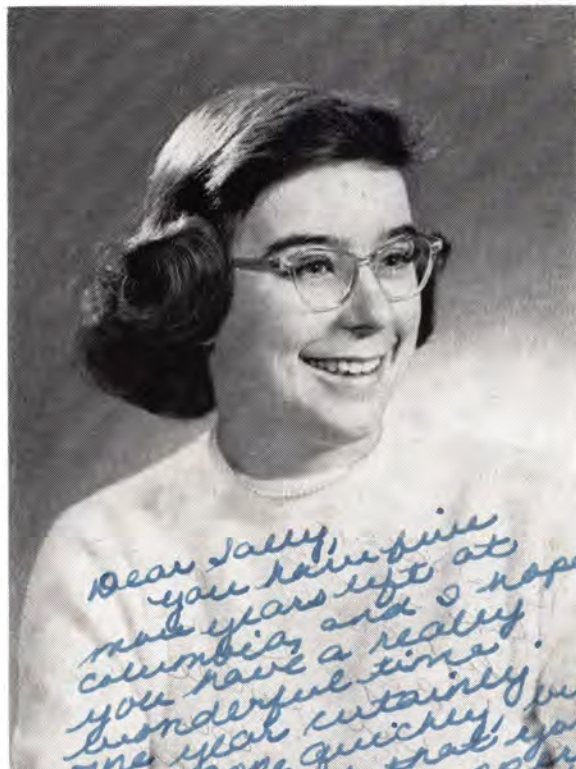


MARY WILLIAMS McAMMOND

Always there to help in time of crisis . . . beautiful eyes . . . and the length of those lashes! . . . a cheery word for everyone along with "that McAmmond laugh" . . . a top guard in basketball . . . "Oh, no, I was awful!" . . . a silent worker and an ardent rooter for the U. of R. . . . know many people? . . . we'll say she does! . . . the girl with prestige . . . MARE.

Assemblies Committee 1,2; Chairman, May Breakfast 2; Entertainment Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Student Council 3; Social Welfare Committee 4; *Hourglass* Staff 4; Social Work 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"She doth little kindnesses which most leave undone."—J. R. Lowell



Dear Sally,
you have since
now years left at
Columbia, and I hope
you have a really
wonderful time.
The year certainly
has gone quickly, but
I'm so glad that you
will be in the upper
school. Have a really
wonderful year in every way
and good luck to you
and many

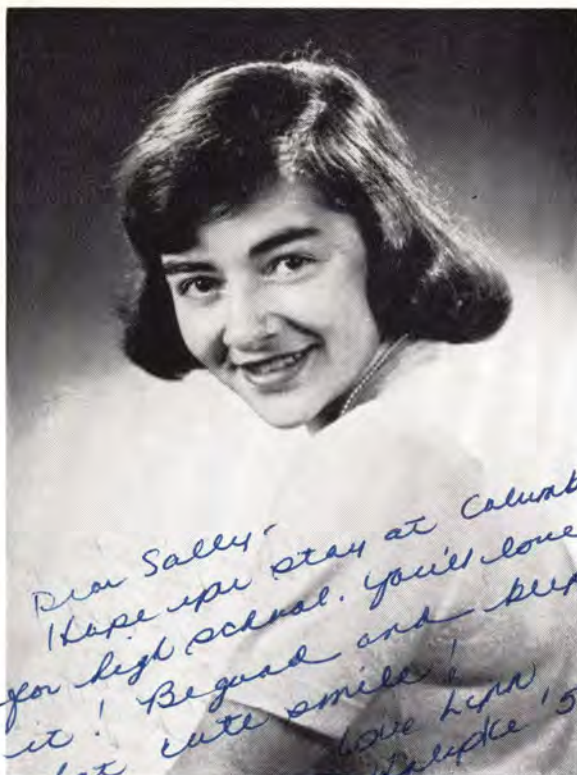
LINDA MCGHEE

The baby of our class, but only in age . . . the President of the Student Government . . . she's a natural born leader . . . with the uncanny knack of getting things done without a lot of pleading . . . smiles and a keen sense of fair play . . . a crack shot in basketball . . . and a laughing specialist . . . she's our JOGY.

Class Forum 1; Student Council 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Chairman, Halloween Party 2; Athletic Association 2,3; Class President 2; Co-chairman, Christmas Dance 3; Photography Editor, *Hourglass* 3,4; President, Student Government 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"A great pilot can sail even when his canvas is rent."—Seneca





MARILYN VIRGINIA PUCCI

Wavy black hair and a warm, understanding smile . . . loves to talk about her campers . . . puts all she has into a task . . . our Honor Study Hall has taken great strides under her leadership . . . a French IV musketeer . . . "Mam'selle", say squirrel" . . . another Ethel Barrymore . . . LYNN.

Class Forum 1; Student Council 1; Flag Raiser 1; Dramatic Club 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; *Hourglass* Staff 1,2,3,4; Study Hall Committee 2; Social Work 2,3; Master Treasurer 3; Invitations Committee Chairman, Christmas Dance 4; Chairman, Study Hall Committee 4; Blue Team; 5 years at Columbia.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—Emerson

*Dear Sally,
I hope you stay at Columbia
for high school. You'll love
it! Be good and keep
that cute smile!
Love Lynn
M. Reptke '57*

PHYLLIS MARGERITE ROCHOW

A dark-haired beauty . . . with charm and a dash of poise . . . our Hansel . . . she's captured the thrush's musical notes . . . a swish of skis and a spray of snow . . . she could dance all night . . . or sing . . . a station wagon . . . "Going my way?" . . . ready to laugh or listen . . . with personality plus . . . FOO.

Edwards' Fashion Board 3; "Hansel and Gretel" 3; Chairman, Music Committee 4; White Team; Captain, White Team 4; 2 years at Columbia.

"God sent his singers upon earth with songs of sadness and of mirth."—Longfellow

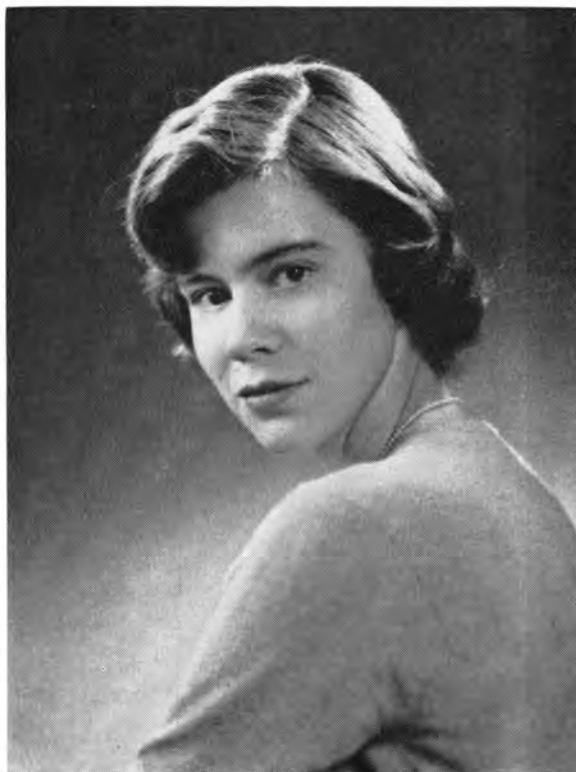


MARY LOUISE RUSIN

Big brown eyes . . . and short dark hair . . . she's famous for her hen parties . . . her specialty—backward baskets . . . “Let's get coordinated” . . . a good friend to all . . . a good listener . . . her witty remarks have added humor to many a dull moment . . . always quick to see the funny side of things . . . that's MOLLY.

Assemblies Committee 4; *Hourglass* Staff 4; Blue Team; 3 years at Columbia.

“In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”—The Book of Proverbs



HELEN ANNE SHAW

Short, blond hair . . . sparkling eyes when she laughs . . . bright, red mittens and furry ear muffs . . . “Uncle Tulleus” . . . “I don’t get it.” “Shaw’s taking a mental nap.” . . . raring to go . . . or quiet and thoughtful . . . she’s Chile’s gift to Columbia . . . TWINK.

Study Hall Committee 2,3; Glee Club 3,4; *Hourglass* Staff 4; Social Work 4; Class President 4; Master Treasurer 4; White Team; 3 years at Columbia.

“Joy is not in things; it is in us.”

—Richard Wagner

*Dear Sally,
Have a great time in the
8th grade, and maybe
someday your class
will grow. Good luck,
Twink.*



NANCY MARILYN WALKER

Neat and nice . . . she's always there to do it right . . . the Senior mainstay of Latin III . . . her Halloween scavenger hunt was tops . . . a natural skier . . . she loves Lake Placid . . . "Our speaker will be—" . . . she pitches in and does her share, no matter how hard the task . . . NANCY.

Decorations Chairman, May Breakfast 2; Social Work 2,3,4; *Hourglass* Staff 3; Co-Chairman of Pound 3; Work Committee 3; Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman, Assemblies Committee 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"It is working that makes a workman."

—A Proverb

JANNE PORTER WARD *Skidmore '57*

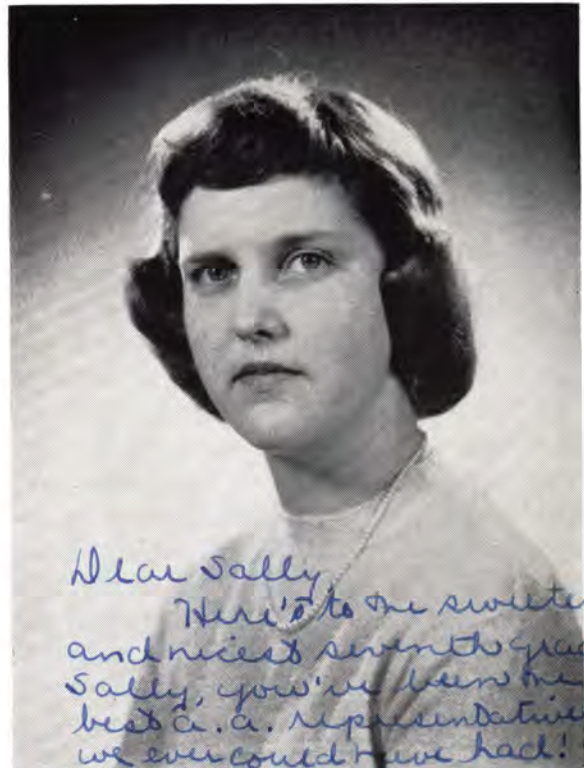
Soft, wavy hair . . . a hearty laugh . . . "But Miss Reidie" . . . our tallest Senior . . . Janne and Miss Meehan, the long and the short of it . . . "A person just has to have sports." . . . always ready to help . . . you can depend on her for new ideas . . . JANNE.

Hourglass Staff 1,2,3,4; Entertainment Chairman, Halloween Party 2; Student Council 2; "The Gondoliers" 2; Dramatic Club 3,4; Editor, "Sanddrift" 2; Athletic Association 3; White Team; Captain, White Team 3; President Athletic Association 4; 4 years at Columbia.

*"And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care."*

—H. H. Milman

*Saratoga Springs
New York*



*Dear Sally,
Here's to the sweetest
and nicest seventh grader!
Sally, you've been the
best C.A. representative that
we ever could have had!
I'm going to miss you next
year, and I hope you'll
write me
Good luck in all you do—
I know you'll always be tops!
Love, always Janne*

KAREN JACOBSEN YOUNG

Golden locks and twinkling eyes . . . an impish grin . . . "Bouncing Betts" . . . "Anyone need a ride?" . . . her cartoons delight us all . . . she's a master with the drawing board . . . "That reminds me of the time . . . on the Yankee—" . . . she radiates laughter wherever she goes . . . KITCH.

Hourglass Staff 2,3,4; Glee Club 2,3,4; Assemblies Committee 3; Decorations Committee Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Dramatic Club 3,4; Blue Team; Captain, Blue Team 4; Art Editor, Hourglass 4; Social Work 4; 3 years at Columbia.

"Master, shall I begin with the usual jokes that the audience always laugh at?"—Aristophanes



Dear Sally,
How I shall miss you
next year—our wonderful
member of the A.A. You've
been a great help to Foo,
Janne and myself—Thanks!
Wish you in your
future years at Columbia.
Good Luck!

Love ya,

Kitch



Walla College,
Aurora, N.Y.



1. Sandy 2. Linda 3. Lory 4. Foo 5. Nancy 6. Hubie 7. Lynn 8. Kit 9. Joann 10. Liz
 11. Ellie 12. Lit 13. Molly 14. Twink 15. Sal 16. Janie 17. Huntie 18. Kitch 19. Griz 20. Mary
 21. Janne 22. Pam 23. Annie



1. Just waitin'. 2. Somebody made a boo-boo. 3. Some show. 4. Christmas Eve. 5. Time for inspection. 6. Set shot. 7. Future Rembrandts? 8. Sophisticated Sophs. 9. Working hard. 10. And she sez. 11. The five-sevens. 12. Oh! Romeo.

THE CLASS CRUISE

The *S. S. Columbia* has sailed thousands of miles since September 19, 1949, when twenty-six freshmen first entered the doors of Columbia School. It has taken us during these four years to exciting ports, and because of the many things we have seen and done, the voyage has been glorious.

As we were the largest class in Columbia's history, there were a great many of us to initiate at the Halloween Party. The Sophomores had us appear as famous villains, and all of us were mighty suspicious-looking characters. Freshman year was the beginning of many unforgettable activities, including our first Bazaar, which went off with a bang and each year has become bigger and better.

The Christmas dance was our first big fling, full of excitement and gaiety. We also became the basketball champs of the school for two years, tying last year with those fight-hard Sophomores. When Sophomore year came, many of our crew from the *S. S. Columbia* had been transferred; but stopping at Chile, we found Twinkie, and leaving Margie Meyer at California, we picked up Jo Allendorf.

That year it was our turn to do the initiating, and the freshmen appeared as TV characters, making a tremendous hit. Oh, what a thrilling moment it was when as Sophomores we won the Forum Plaque! Believe it or not, the sun was shining brightly on May Day that year, and with Miss Meehan playing the little red piano, we danced the May Pole dance and crowned the Seniors outside on the lawn.

Always when the ship is under full sail, time flies because everybody is busy and happy. So it wasn't long till, lo and behold, we were Juniors. In the musical production of *Hansel and Gretel*, talented Foo and Pam were tops as the leads. We undertook the Father-Daughter Banquet, and it was a huge success, particularly because of the superb entertainment offered by the fathers. Kitch gave her slumber party that year—shall we ever forget the laughter, the noise, the serious talks, and Griz sleeping in the bath tub?

As graduation drew nearer, we all knew that only a year had to pass before we too should be receiving our diplomas—incredible thought! Sally Huberlie's three day house-party at Canandaigua

Lake was "out of this world!" It would be impossible to tell Sal how much we enjoyed that cool blue water, that golden sun and the water skiing. We hope Sal will invite us again—if she does, she's an angel!!

Now finally, the last lap of the voyage has been reached, and we have become Seniors. We shall always remember how aghast Miss Skillin was when she discovered that many of us hadn't sent in our college applications. "You'll be sleeping on the roofs if you don't hurry and get them in." That we managed to get through Chemistry without smashing every glass tube and beaker in sight still seems a phenomenon. In fact, even the lab is still there!

Since we are such a large class, we have occupied the English Room for the last two years, holding class meetings while Miss Child patiently took the roll. We hope that Miss Nye has endured all our historical quips and famous remarks, and that Mam'selle won't have to hold her head in grief over others as often as she has had to over us.

October 4th we gave a party for the U. of R. Freshmen, an event which we hope will become annual. As usual, most of us were running wild before the Christmas Dance, trying to find a date. The Lake Placid girls came back with tales of a perfect winter week-end, and made us envious. As for Jogy's party on February 22nd for the Seniors and the Faculty, one couldn't have asked for a more delightful evening.

This year has truly been full of preparation for the years that lie ahead of us, and as the days pass quickly away, we know how every minute of hard work has counted. But after our ship has taken its last journey on June 4th and left us each at our own port of destination, the class of '53 will relive over and over again for years to come their unforgettable four-year cruise on the great *S. S. Columbia*.

In parting we salute our skippers, Mrs. Simpson and Miss Skillin for a well charted voyage. For each of us a new journey now begins, like the old in many ways, for the search after the wealth of knowledge never ends. But each of us will know on graduation day that she has already found an abundant share of that treasure.



'CREW'

By Young



Front row: Barbara Bowman, Toni Cook, Margot Cameron, Sue Van Deventer. Middle row: Virginia Galbraith, Shirley Petrossi, Barbara Beale, Julie Newton, Sally Hunt, Nancy Lowenthal, Ann Morgan. Back row: Elaine Baltzer, Peggy Foxall, Cynthia Thomson, Martha Harris, Margaret Pevear.

The Juniors . . . start the day with Bon Jur, Mam'selle! . . . homeroom period . . . "Guess who called last night?" . . . Class dues are due! . . . Money for the March of Dimes, Dutch Relief, Red Cross, The *Hourglass* . . . Clothes for the Clothing Drive . . . Don't ever ask the Juniors for a dime for a phone call! . . . everyone of them BROKE! . . . Who is cleaning the closet this week?? . . . And *who* is selling candy? . . . "Isn't anyone ever going to have Bridge Club? . . . "Let the Seniors have it!" . . . "Kids we've got to think of something for our assembly!" . . . French, now who could have thought of that!? . . . The Christmas Dance . . . Open House at Petrossi's and the Ramblers rambled in! . . . Many thanks to Nancy without whose planning there wouldn't have been an Inauguration! . . . The Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet . . . spaghetti, *salade* without mayonnaise, white cake with white frosting . . . now who's head of the Food Committee, anyway?? . . . The Spring Fling??? . . . hmmmm . . . The Graduation and Dance . . . Juniors declare Bankruptcy! . . . Hold your hats, the Juniors are on the road! . . . minus 2 plus 2 still equals 16 . . . June . . . we'll help the Seniors on their ways . . . and then . . . "Look responsible, Gals, we're Seniors now!!"

JUNIOR CLASS

Dear Sal,
Thanks for
all your help on
the literary. Maybe
if I could
see straight I
could say
something half
decent. See ya
next year.
Love,
Sally Hunt

SOPHOMORE CLASS

"Wise fools" . . . subtracted four and added five . . . aren't there *any* extra boys? . . . obviously the star patronizers of the Juniors' candy-selling project . . . "Isn't there any talent in this school?"—later proved there was . . . editors of the "Dreamdrift" . . . thoroughly initiated the freshmen . . . gay time at Angle's slumber(?) party, but can't quite see Bridge Clubs . . . contributed a little to the Residence both temporarily and permanently . . . lived for the mail . . . the "best" basketball team that Columbia has ever seen . . . constantly day-dreaming . . . half the class pretty nearly ruined Geometry! . . . May Breakfast, "Do we have enough strawberries?" . . . dying to get their licenses . . . their motto: "Get learning through experience" (there seems to be more of the latter than the former) . . . high plans for the summer . . . staunch backers of the saying, "You're only young once!" . . . dubiously looking forward to being Juniors . . . "Anybody have any ideas for our class assembly?" . . . wore last year's pastels to this year's Musical . . . "Come on, buckle down and WORK!"—the constant plea of the class officers . . . nevertheless, they made it through the year and are looking forward to more of South Goodman in the Fall!

Front row: Helen Vaughn, Gail Beere, Corinne Bryant, Carol Clements. *Middle row:* Deedra Dietrich, Jane Knight, Sally Wells, Barbara Williams, Gail Manson, Dorothy Milella, Mary Lou Bratt. *Back row:* Lee Sanders, Betsy Angle, Elizabeth Blount, Joyce Chapman, Sally Parendam.





FRESHMAN CLASS

Sitting: Sarah Mills, Ann Rowland, Beth Kidd. *Standing:* Barbara Bonner, Eve Hall, Helen Clark, Jean Miller, Georgia Dusterdieck, Ruth Goodwin. *On Stairs:* Joan Rodgers, Janet Adams, Barbara Erdle, Harriet Elwood, Betsy Buckley, Karen Carl- sen, Sally Wadsworth, Penny Delafield, Sharyl Street, Susan Goldman. *Absent:* Christine Bennett, Lidabell Lunt, Barbara Richardson, Lorane Clark.

The energetic Freshmen . . . plus seven, minus one . . . Future basketball stars . . . Several Bridge Clubs with the Sophs . . . Enjoyed the Christmas Dance . . . and working hard (?) the next morn- ing . . . "My feet are killing me!" . . . First year at French Table . . . "Passez-moi le chop suey?" . . . don't know how Mam'selle stands it! . . . Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet . . . "Daddy, would Monday or Tuesday night be better for you?" . . . Doing something all the time . . . work period . . . "Kitsy, I can't do dry cleaning, I'm

allergic to dust!" . . . set a new record, three plates broken in two weeks! . . . always talking, laugh- ing, singing . . . eleven of them went to Lake Placid . . . accompanied by Latin and Ancient History exams . . . said the food was wonderful . . . don't think any of them will ever forget the haggis . . . one cast, one pair of crutches and chicken pox . . . emergency help for Holland . . . seven new friends . . . hailing from all cor- ners of Rochester and Geneva . . . thoroughly initiated and how! Just wait 'til we're Sophomores . . . next year . . . maybe??!!

7th and 8th GRADES



Sitting: Sally Nichols, Eleanor Messler, Margery Whitaker, Wanda Geib, Jeanette Phelps, Gay Pierson. *On Stairs:* Linda Brereton, Helen Cohen, Judy Cann, Linda Gordon, Edith Gleason, Sherley Smith, Judy Hudson, Harriet Royer, Saralynn Clark, Sue Rodgers, Andrea Alberts, Betsy Pease. *Standing:* Carol Schwartz, Marten Poole, Penny Todd, Sandra Luke, Sue Lennox, Joan Cockcroft, Hettie Hellebush, Cobina Cooley. *Absent:* Loriot DeLaCour.

The Eighth Grade . . . twenty-two girls . . . divided into two sections for classes . . . poor Miss Twaddle...such a large homeroom!...American History, English, Math., Science and French . . . Field Hockey, Fieldball, and Basketball . . . a quiz on books and authors for assembly which stumped everyone . . . ten Saturday nights a year the Junior Subscription Dances at the Country Club . . . on weekends, horseback riding, swimming, tennis and ice skating . . . all in all . . . a pretty swell class!

The Seventh Grade . . . five girls . . . smallest in the school...four blondes and a brunette...Miss Reidie for homeroom . . . History, English, Math, Science, and French . . . sports with the eighth grade . . . a General Motors' man put on a program called Preview of Progress for their assembly . . . a wonderful Roller Skating Party for Social Welfare . . . every Friday night finds the five at Dancing School at Allendale . . . three of them have their own horses . . . a great little bunch . . . and there will be more of them next Fall!



First row: Ann McCoy, Sheridan Howard, Nancy Peters, Marjorie Saunders, Emily Hughes, Emily Murphy, Louise Barnell, Roberta Deverian. *Second row:* Susan McBride, Katharine Anstice, Carol Anstice, Margaret Delafield, Roberta Preu, Ann Angle, Barbara Luke. *Third row:* Marcia Pierson, Andrea Fairchild, Ann Wickins, Martha Stewart, Marie Gordon, Sandra McNairn, Beverly Anstice, Jacqueline Harris, Susan Hudson, Elizabeth Case, Vivien Buck. *Fourth row:* Grethe Broderson, Barbara Sanford, Carolyn Wright, Suzanne Jones, Astrid Delafield, Victoria Hawks, Jeanne Cenn, Sheridan Bush, Anne Trainor, Carolyn Davis, Lucia Gordon. *Absent:* Gaylord Dunn, Diane Lunt, Whitney Johnson, Kathryn Allen, Elizabeth Swing, Margot Jones.

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th GRADES

1st and 2nd GRADES

First row: Beverley Gervasi, Mary Clark, Mary Wickins, Patricia Malone, Elizabeth Reveley, Miss Monroe. *Second row:* Elisabeth Wesson, Ina Shantz, Treacy Hickok, Helena Knox, Linda Del Monaco, Suzanne Harris, Juliet Willsea. *Absent:* Charlotte Wright, Sabra Whitmore.





KINDERGARTEN

Standing: Thomas Hudnut, Molly Cowgill, Joan Verlaine, Charles Wehle, Marie Harris, Miss Weston. *Sitting:* Karyl Bechtold, Cathy Fennell, Sharon Smith, Jonatha Yates, Cynthia Lunt, Katherine Levy, Ronald Hallman. *Absent:* Ann Weismiller.

First row: Rex Stevenson, Margaret Olsan, David Smith, Stephen Hickok. *Second row:* Frederic Fain, Elizabeth McGuire, Robert Pease, John Tappan, Peter Atwood, Andrew Neisner, Miss Fergusson. *Absent:* Douglas Reveley, James Burnett, Burton August, Deborah Cook, Cathy Wright, Leslie Brockway.

NURSERY SCHOOL



CALENDAR OF 195



SEPTEMBER

- 15—The doors are open. The Seniors get a bang out of first Chemistry class.

OCTOBER

- 2—The Whites carry away honors at traditional Field Day.
4—The Seniors entertain U. of R. Freshmen. Sandy joins the track team.
31—Old gym is site of goblins, witches, and doughnuts.

NOVEMBER

- 2—The Seniors begin booking fathers for the Christmas Dance.
3—Ike elected President by students.
6—The "Sun" shines again.
11—Students flock to U. of R. to hear Mr. (South Pacific) Michener speak.
17—Mrs. Simpson and Miss Skillin are late for school! A little snowstorm was the delay.
26—Noon—4 days of complete paradise!

DECEMBER

- 12—Lory commits a *faux pas* and Annie Hunt becomes a senior at Allendale.
17—Mrs. Humby makes her debut on the organ.
18—The Seniors are still trying to get dates for the Christmas Dance.
19—We love dancing on the ice. Liz's stole is a little long.
20—The Freshmen are seen with toothpicks.
21—Yodeling is heard to the last row of the balcony at the Eastman.

JANUARY

- 5—Vacation is over, but not fatigue.
7—Jogy's bad day, parking ticket and all — "You'd better put that sign back!"
20—Students begin studying for exams.
21—Eek! Didn't know they were so soon, did you? Lee Sanders leaves the residence and everything is normal again.
28—Sophomore talent show gives promise of future Met and T.V. stars.
30—Roller Skates, Miss Meehan? Subside!



THE CRUISE 1953

FEBRUARY

- 1—Ellie Clark plays the organ. St. Paul's attendance slightly diminished!
- 6—Mam'selle *asseyes* not *proprement*!
- 7—Smoke gets in your eyes.
- 10—Tea at the Residence for the Seniors. New style graduation dress will be backless evening strap!
- 14—Betsy, Sally, and Gail have a triple birthday and receive a false present. Julie and Toni visit Skidmore with friends. Liz sews on her raccoon coat—one way to make friends!
- 18—Cindy finally makes 16. Heather receives a few letters.
- 23—George, we're certainly glad you were born!
- 26—Sally Wadsworth thinks Ellie has a cousin.

MARCH

- 4—The music committee shows the school some talent! Annie Hunt really gets a big bang out of Chemistry class and Sandy has an accident. Poor Miss Reidie!!
- 14—The Seniors are seen at U. of R. This time it's to take a few tests.
- 17—The Pa's invade Columbia.
- 20—Why the sudden rush for the door?

APRIL

- 6—7:00 A.M. "Oh, shut off that alarm! Vacation can't be over already!"
- 17—Thanks, freshmen, for a terrific Spring Fling.
- 23—Balloons, cotton candy, and white elephants!!

MAY

- 1—Overheard in the Senior homeroom: "Ah, finally. For four years we've waited!!"
- 15—"You mean Smith wants *you*?"

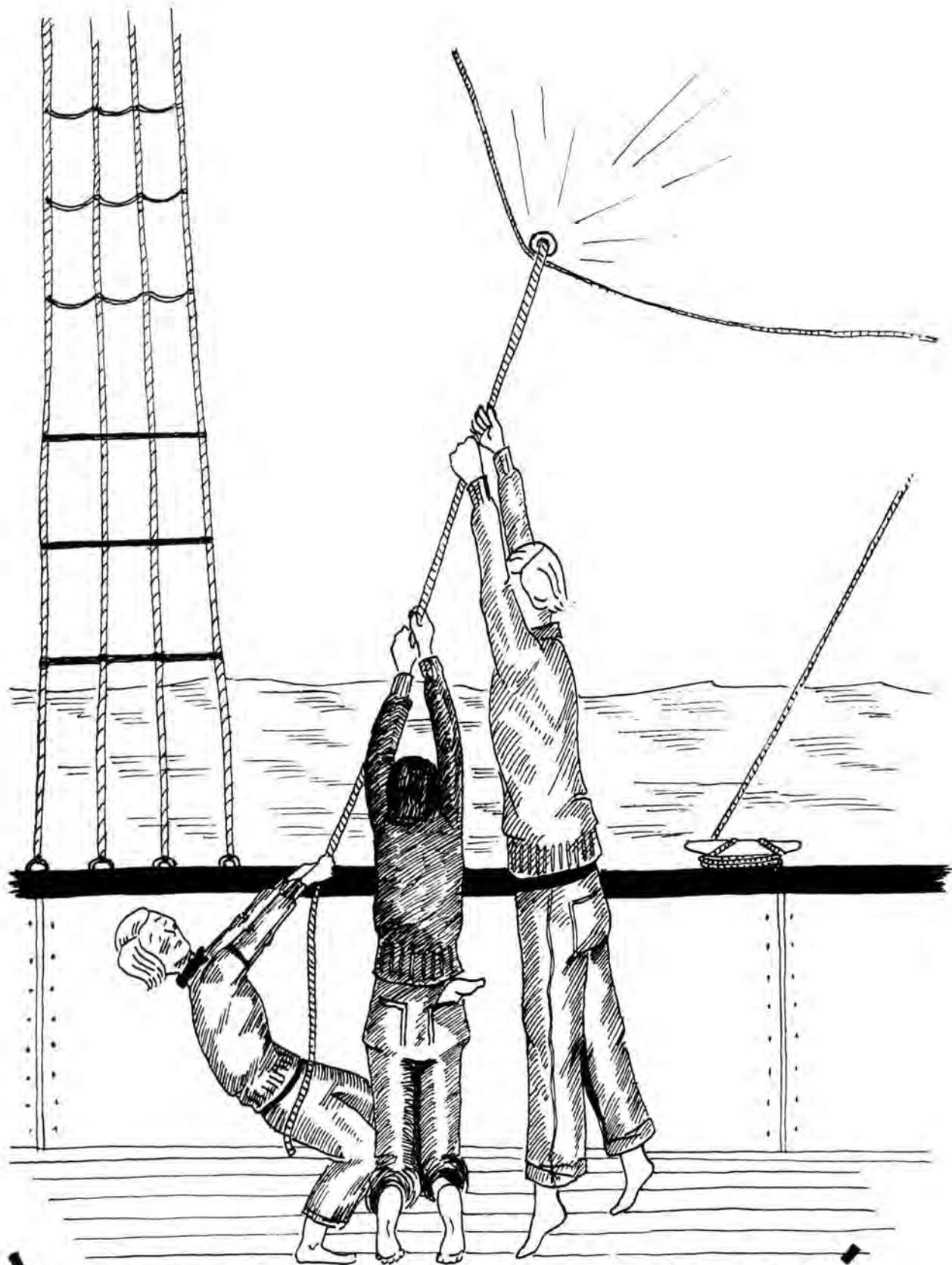
JUNE

- 4—It's finally here! No more homework until next year—only about six books to read!!



SENIOR POLL

MOST IMPRESSED WITH COLUMBIA.....	The Seniors, Our Parents
DONE THE MOST FOR COLUMBIA.....	McGhee, Clements
MOST INTELLIGENT.....	Hunt, Bills
MOST STUDIOUS.....	Bills, Clements
BEST ALL-AROUND GIRL.....	McGhee, Hunt
MOST ATTRACTIVE.....	Farrow, Rochow
ATTRACTS MOST.....	Clark, Clements
CLASS CLOWN.....	Young
BEST DRIVER.....	Huberlie, Ward
THINKS SHE'S BEST DRIVER.....	Benham, Clarke
BIGGEST MAN-HATER.....	Breese, McAmmond
LEAST ON TIME.....	Allendorf, Hunt
BEST DANCER.....	Rochow
BEST DRESSED BEFORE 4:00 P.M.....	Benham, Walker
BEST DRESSED AFTER 4:00 P.M.....	Rusin, Clements
TYPICAL COLUMBIA GIRL.....	McGhee, Littlefield
LIFE OF THE PARTY.....	Young, Ward
BEST SPORT.....	McAmmond, Griswold
CLASS REAMER.....	Young, by a mile
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.....	Hunt, Rochow
FIRST TO MARRY.....	Griswold, Pucci
LAST TO MARRY.....	Barry, Jackson
LAST TO UNDERSTAND JOKES.....	Clarke, Griswold
FAVORITE INVENTION.....	Bouncin' Betts
HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST.....	McGhee, Clements
MOST NAIVE.....	Shaw, Griswold
BIGGEST LINE.....	Ward, My fishing rod
BIGGEST DAY DREAMER.....	Barry, Pucci
FAVORITE COLLEGE.....	Princeton
BEST GIGGLER.....	Clarke
REASON FOR COMING TO COLUMBIA.....	Couldn't get into Allendale
MOST SPECTACULAR EVENT OF THE YEAR.....	JUNE 4, 1953



UNDER FULL SAIL

By Young



Standing: E. Messler, R. Goodwin, S. Clark, B. Pease, H. Cohen, J. Newton, J. Ward, K. Farrow, E. Angle, J. Rodgers, N. Lowenthal, J. Knight. *Sitting:* L. Pucci, A. Hunt (Vice-President), L. McGhee (President), Miss Skillin, L. Bills (Secretary), S. Clements.

Student Council

"There'll be a Student Council meeting Monday, after school,"—Linda McGhee, the President of the Council, is speaking. This master organization, responsible for charting our course during the school year, performs all duties necessary for the smooth sailing of the Student Body.

Study Hall Committee

We are proud of our study hall because it develops our sense of honor and responsibility by allowing us to study without adult supervision. Because of an excellent committee with an able chairman, Lynn Pucci, this year's study hall was one of the best.

Left: Miss Reid, L. Pucci (Chairman). *Back row:* J. Allendorf, E. Baltzer, B. Bonner, B. Erdle, J. Adams. *Middle row:* M. L. Bratt, D. Cook, C. Bryant, H. Royer, S. Lennox. *Front row:* J. Cockcroft, E. Messler.





Back row: B. Bowman, S. Rodgers, H. Elwood, P. Delafield, S. Street, C. Thomson, M. Rusin, J. Ward, K. Farrow, P. Foxall, K. Young, M. Pevear, H. Galbraith, H. Shaw, S. Bareham, M. Whitaker. *Middle row:* M. L. Bratt, L. Pucci, J. Knight, A. Littlefield (Business Manager), J. Breese, A. Hunt (Editor), G. Pierson, Miss Child, P. Benham, L. McGhee, H. Hellebush. *Front row:* M. McAmmond, L. Bills, C. Clements, N. Lowenthal, S. Hunt, J. Hudson, S. Mills.

"Have you brought in an ad yet?" "Are the Senior write-ups finished?" The whole crew helped Ann Hunt and Ann Littlefield make this year's log a fine one.

Hourglass Staff

"Have you brought in your clothes for the school in Greece?" The March of Dimes, Red Cross, and other drives headed by Sandy Clements and her Social Welfare Committee were well supported.

Social Welfare Committee

Standing: H. Vaughn, E. Hall, Miss Nye, A. Alberts. *Sitting:* S. Hunt, M. McAmmond, J. Phelps, S. Clements (Chairman).





Back row: J. Chapman, J. Ward (Chairman), P. Rochow, K. Young. *Front row:* S. Petrossi, A. Rowland, S. Nichols, L. DeLaCour, Miss Meehan.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

"Have you played your ping pong game yet?" This tournament, along with the Field Days and the Blue and White Team Games, was arranged by the Athletic Association under the direction of Janne Ward, with Kitch Young and Phyllis Rochow as the Blue and White team captains.

HOUSE COMMITTEE

"The Juniors start work today," announces Kitsy Farrow, Head of the House Committee, and the Juniors buckle down for the next two weeks, swabbing the decks, dusting the woodwork, washing the blackboards, and waiting on table. The other grades have their turn, too. There's nothing like a clean ship.

Left to right: E. Jackson, P. Delafield, K. Farrow (Chairman), M. Pevear, L. Gordon, Miss Skillin, D. Dietrich, S. Luke.





Left to right: C. Cooley, M. Rusin, Mrs. Simpson, S. Goldman, N. Walker (Chairman), S. Van Deventer, S. Wells.

Entertainment and education combined are given us by Nancy Walker's Assemblies Committee every Wednesday. Topics of current interest have been discussed this year. Monday we have our "stand-up" assembly, while Tuesdays and Thursdays we have singing. Friday—come what may.

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

Blue and White are the regulation school colors, and Pam Benham and her capable Dress Committee kept the crew to those colors! Day in and day out the shipload of girls reported for duty in the right uniform.

DRESS COMMITTEE

Left to right: S. Clarke, L. Lunt, A. Morgan, C. Clements, C. Schwartz, P. Benham (Chairman), Mlle. Vuagniaux, S. Nichols.





Left to right: G. Dusterdieck, D. Milella, P. Foxall (Chairman), Mrs. Jensen, C. Thomson, A. Barry.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

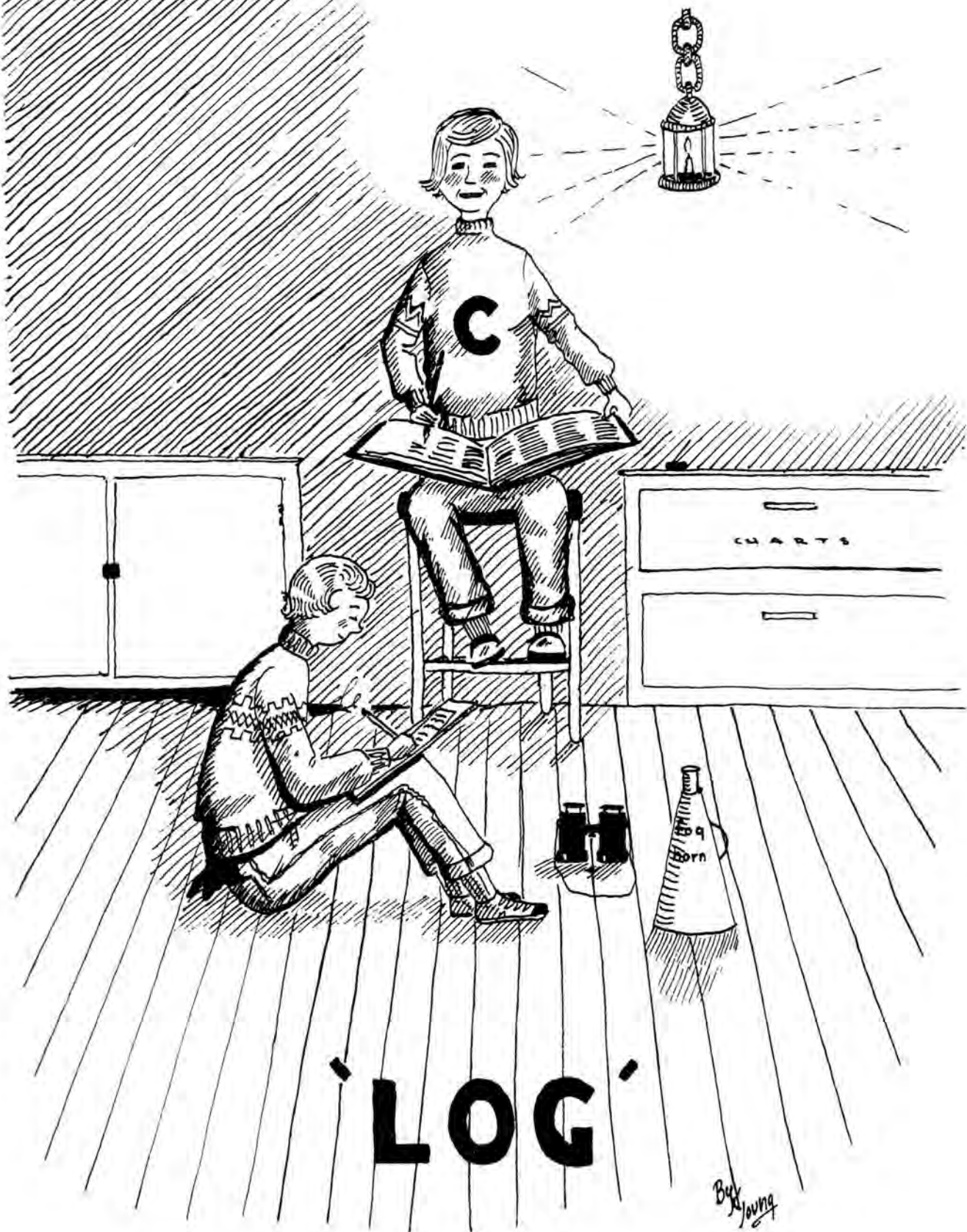
"Book Worm" posters were put up this year so that the Library Committee, under Peggy Foxall, and Mrs. Jensen would have less trouble in the library. The committee has many jobs to do, such as the proper placing of books, and checking overdue volumes.

COMMITTEE HEADS

These Committee Heads are like the men in the engine rooms on an ocean-going liner. They are the people behind the scene. They are not much heard of, but without them the ship could not run. The bells are rung, the flag raised, and the Pound maintained by these little-known workers.

Back row: E. Buckley (Flag Raiser), M. Pevear (Editor of the Sanddrift). Front row: H. Shaw (Master Treasurer), E. Clark (Keeper of the Pupils' Activities Book), Ann Hunt (Chairman of the Christmas Dance), Sally Hunt (Bell Ringer), Absent: Sally Griswold (Pound).





'LOG'

Buy
Young

NOT THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

My friends went away long ago.
It is difficult to remember where they all have
gone.
No one of them would want to remember me
now.
The Beckers of Cincinnati . . .
I was Webster Becker; you wonder why I say
"was."
Well, I was Webster of the Beckers of Cincinnati.
Now I am just plain Wob Beck . . . of nobody . . .
nowhere.
I am lost.
You say there is no place where a person can be
completely lost.
I am here.
I don't know how I got here.
I have forgotten the way so you could never
follow me.
You think that it would be a pleasant sensation to
be away from the world,

And people,
And problems,
And women,
And poverty,
And pain,
And skyscrapers,
And museums,
And taxi-cabs,
And flowers,
And God.

You think you would like to see how it would be
to be away from everything
Base and beautiful . . . lost.

Well, find the way yourself, I did.
You say that I cannot be lost from God.
How do you know? You are not I.
I am far away,
Beyond living . . . beyond dying . . .
Beyond eternity,
Beyond God,
Lost.
You see, if I am beyond God in my lostness, He
has lost me.
He cannot be looking backward.
If He did, He would lose sight of His dearly
beloved children.
Thus, I am lost to God.
So my friends are gone.

Wob Beck, formally Webster Becker of the
wealthy Beckers of Cincinnati, is lost.
The Beckers of Cincinnati do not know me.
I am lost beyond them so they do not remember
me.
I live alone with a companion . . . Quiet.
We have become friends.
We look back on eternity together.
It is funny to see it so clearly when looking back
on it, while philosophers are looking towards it
constantly, striving to measure its opaque
depths.
My friends were all successful.
Am I?
Yes,
I have found eternity.
I lost the Beckers of Cincinnati.
I lost Webster Becker.
I lost Wob Beck who tried to lose the wealthy
Beckers of Cincinnati.
I have found eternity
By being lost beyond . . .
By being lost beyond.
But
I must lose eternity now . . . and find myself
And die and lie with Webster Becker and Wob
Beck in their grave,
And then find eternity . . . again.

Peggy Foxall '54

ODE TO NO HOMEWORK

I will lift up mine eyes from my assignment book,
from whence cometh my homework.
My homework cometh from my teachers, for
each one giveth me much to do.
I will not suffer my books to be opened: she that
teacheth me shall not succeed.
Behold, she that teacheth me shall try very hard
with little success.
My teachers make me work: my homework is the
shade upon an early bed hour.
Low marks shall not change my point of view,
nor high ones either.
My teachers will always give me homework: my
work shall ne'er be done.
My homework shall not hinder my going out nor
my coming in late from this day forth, and even
'til I'm through college.

Sally Hunt '54

THOUGHTS ON BOW WATCH

"Raise the mainsail," the Skipper calls.

Mary rushes to her post, stumbling against another scout in her excitement. She is by no means clear as to where she is supposed to be, because it is dusk, and the group has been on the boat for only five hours. "The Yankee"—it belongs to the Mariner Scouts for one whole week, one hundred and sixty-eight hours.

The first job of the new crew is to put the boat under sailing power. The sun has set, chow has been eaten, and the call for all hands on deck to raise the sails brings the Mariners topside. It is a long, tedious process, and their palms ache, but the sails are not yet up. "Ha-heave"—every pull raises them higher, and soon the billowing white canvases have unfurled themselves in the sky. A sudden gust of wind fills the sails, and the young crew watches with awe as nature takes over, and the "Yankee" moves along, pushed by the wind.

That night Mary takes the wheel for the first time, and then moves forward to stand bow watch. The sea laps gently at the sides of the boat, and overhead the moon flows slowly across the sky. The canvas is full and all is silent. "Starboard a point." The voice of the helmsman cuts the silent night, then all is quiet again. Suddenly the moon is covered by a cloud and everything is obliterated from sight.

It is a time for tranquility. Peace steals over her soul as she sits in the bow scanning the distant horizon. There is nothing to disturb her in her soliloquy except the lap of the water against the boat and the silent twinkling of the stars overhead.

She wonders and dreams, because there is time to wonder and dream. The bowsprit reaching out in front of her seems to be stretching toward the dark, cloudy sky. Occasionally the moon appears and a change in the wind makes the canvas flap. The boat creaks as it rides the sea.

She wonders about the bowsprit. It seems to represent mankind, ever reaching out into the darkness, ever stretching upward toward the sky to something unknown, yet never knowing that unknown. The endless lines of waves, forming and breaking, moving against the boat, seem to halt the upward and outward grasp of the bowsprit. Rising just to fall, and falling to rise again, the waves are always in opposition to the movement of the boat. They are like all the little evils that hinder mankind's flight to the stars, that oppose at every step the goodness in men's hearts. Although the bowsprit is far above them, they hinder and almost stop its fight to gain the ultimate, the height of mankind's ambitions: life without selfishness, greed, or intolerance.

The moon breaks through the clouds again and shines brilliantly down, augmenting, not overpowering, the light of the stars; she feels insignificant, and her thoughts, although they are soul-searching, seem unimportant. The magnitude of nature overwhelms her and she sits quietly, feeling deeply the wonder of the night. These moments on bow watch will always remain her most vivid memory of the trip on the "Yankee."

Ann Hunt '53

MAYBE NEXT YEAR

When I had gone off watch at midnight the night before, I had welcomed my bunk with open arms and uneasy stomach. After my first experience at sailing the *Yankee*, I had been more than ready for some sleep. It was now the unpleasant hour of six o'clock in the morning and time for our watch to go on again. Waking up to a jab in the ribs, I pulled on some jeans and my "ha ha" raincoat, nicknamed thus because it did so little to keep me dry, and stumbled up on deck.

It was pitch dark as I came above. I was relieved to see that everyone else on our watch was as sleepy as I. Skipper yelled an order. When Skipper yelled, you jumped, and when I jumped, oh, my muscles! I had never felt so stiff before in my whole life. Skipper is not one of the most patient of men. You do not hesitate when he gives an order. But such confusion! He'd say, "Brace the yards!" and we felt like answering, "Brace the crew first!"

When we finally dragged ourselves to the braces I found myself at the port fore brace. We were supposed to slack on our side. My line didn't seem to be slackening very fast so I looked at Eric, one of the regular crew, for directions. At that particular moment he was yelling at someone to hang on to something. Thinking that he meant me, I grabbed hold of the brace. The first thing I knew I was headed for the fore yard. Luckily for me, I am not one of the lightest of mortals, so the girls pulling on the other side couldn't pull me very far. But I just escaped providing stew *à la me* for dinner that night. Eric, in the meantime, proceeded to tell me what a "knucklehead" I was. Oh well, live and learn, I always try to convince myself.

Come six forty-five, we were under full sail. At eight our watch was off and we retired to breakfast. After this the crew was kind enough to teach us the "tricks of the trade"—otherwise, swabbing the decks.

"Sure, I can get the water. It looks easy enough," said I to myself. We were given buckets

with long ropes and told to hang the rope over the rail and catch some water in the pail. Well—! Who was I not to try? I tried. I might add I nearly left my extremities in the blue extremes. My pail caught some water, and some fish nearly caught some new, juicy bait—one Mariner. By the time I succeeded in bringing the pail to the deck, there was so little water in it that it wasn't any use after all. I retired to swabbing the decks.

In spite of my woeful inadequacies, I'm forever hoping, "Maybe next year I can go again. Maybe next year . . .!"

Linda McGhee '53

A MIRACLE IN WILLOWSHIRE

The town of Willowshire was surrounded by hills which were trying to be mountains, but always trying in vain. The people of Willowshire were like the hills that surrounded them; they were all reaching upward to be mountains, but they could reach no higher than the ugly barren hills. The people were stout and strong to resist the storms and the winds, but they were colorless and ugly, for with their striving to be as mountains they had become selfish.

A casual visitor to the valley would perhaps never notice the one fault of these seemingly friendly people, but when the old man with the long white beard first came to Willowshire he was received suspiciously, for this new stranger seemed different from the other visitors that had ventured into Willowshire. Soon he was accepted by the citizens, however, and when he walked down the path through town, the women hanging up their wash would stop for a moment and chat with him, and the men would stop along their way to pass the time of day, and the children would beg for stories from their new-found friend. The people came to realize that they had never had such a friend as this man; his deep limpid eyes warmed their hearts and his quiet smile urged them to be friendly.

When the old man moved into his cottage on the side of the highest hill the people often came up the rocky path to visit with him; they were always welcome in the neat little cabin. In his quiet manner the old man was keen in his understanding of these new friends. Through their casual chatting with him the townspeople had revealed their one fault, and it brought great sadness to the old man. From his visitors the wise philosopher learned of their high aspirations and of their disappointment in the hills that never bloomed with flowers nor echoed with the songs of birds.

Thus it was that the new citizen of Willowshire

came to be loved by his neighbors. The old man spent all his days trying to make these people forget themselves in their reaching upward. But his work was all in vain, for their trait was deeply-ingrained, and had been passed down through their generations. Year passed into year and the old man knew that it was almost time for him to leave these people whom he had been sent to help.

The winter rains had come to Willowshire and the people did not go to see the old man any more, for they were unwilling to climb the muddy path to his cottage. At times they felt guilty for deserting their friend during the dreariest months of the year, but they consoled themselves with the fact that this was the hardest winter there had ever been in Willowshire and the rains had made the path to the old man's cottage extremely treacherous.

One day news reached the town that the old man was sick and needed care. Of one accord the people thought, "We must go to him," but then they thought of themselves and decided that the rock loosened by the rains was too dangerous for them to hazard going to their friend. Two days passed and the rains did not let up, and the old man sent his plea to the people once more.

* * *

Then through the steady rain a long line of people could be seen filing up the side of the steep hill in the direction of the old man's cabin. When the group reached the door of the cabin, they called his name in one voice; there was no familiar reply. They entered the cottage and found that their beloved friend was gone. On the table by his bed they found a note addressed to them:

"My dear friends, you have made my stay here a very happy one. It grieved me that you did not come when I first called you, for then I should have been able to bid you farewell in person. The time came for me to leave you and I could not tarry longer. I knew that you would come, and that your unselfish journey to my cottage would attest your generosity. Goodbye, my friends, and God bless you."

The people of Willowshire mourned the disappearance of their friend, and he did not often slip from their thoughts. The old man had not entirely left them, for the kindly light from his eyes had kindled in the eyes of the people, and the quiet generous smile became their smile. No, the old man had not entirely left Willowshire.

* * *

The rains had ceased and Spring had come to Willowshire, but this Spring was unusual because the hills had taken on a cloak of green,

flowers bloomed everywhere, and the hills reverberated with the joyous songs of the birds, and most significant of all to the people of Willowshire, the hilltops had grown so high that they were often invisible because of the clean white clouds that wrapped around them.

Peggy Foxall '54

HIS FREEDOM

One lone little boy swaggered down the street. It was an early summer morning and the sun was shining down on him. He looked as if he had just swallowed the canary, so smug was his expression. Mud left from the light rain the night before splattered his short, chubby, brown legs and blue shirt. His ash-blond hair was very much the worse from the dirt in which he had that morning been making an airport, and he walked with what he hoped was a "big-man" swagger.

Half an hour ago he had run away. Nobody in the world knew where he was except an occasional passerby. He couldn't even remember now why it was he had run away, but running away was so much fun it didn't really matter. He was having the time of his life just simply being bad. Here he was, naughty and free and in love with the world.

A small bluebird flew so low over his head he almost reached up and tried to catch it, but being in a kind and peaceful mood, he decided to leave the bird his freedom, the same freedom he himself had at the moment. Usually he had the sensation of not being able to do anything out of the ordinary for fear of a scolding. Besides, his mother was always calling him in the middle of a mud-pie fight or a wonderful day-dream, for lunch or something else equally inconsequential. But now, out on the comparatively lonely road, he had his thoughts to himself and could do whatever he desired.

An hour passed as he walked along, and he began to get restless. Pausing and manfully looking up into the sky in an attempt to judge the time by the sun, he persuaded himself that it was getting very late and his poor mother would be frantic with worry. In reality, it was still fairly early in the morning and he was merely tired and bored with himself. He had no one to go to if he got in trouble, and no one to call him when his very necessary lunch was ready—and it was definitely necessary now, as he was amazingly hungry. There was no one to clean him up or console him when tears were streaming down his soft, grimy cheeks.

For the first time in his life he realized how much he needed his mother, and now he had run away and caused her all this extra worry! He didn't feel free now, but, instead, guilty and heart-

less. My, it must have been hours and hours since he had left in the morning. How could he have been so mean and ungrateful! He couldn't even remember why it was he had run away, and now it didn't matter. He didn't envy the bluebird, although now he himself wasn't free, in a little boy's sense of the word, and the bluebird was. If it had flown back, he would not have tried to catch it. Let the bird have his old freedom, he wanted his mother.

He turned around and trudged slowly back. Again he squinted up at the sun and in his imagination it appeared about to set. Golly, he hadn't realized it was this late. His mother probably had the police out looking for him. Why, even his father would be home, if his mother hadn't already called him from work to go out looking for him, their son. He wondered fleetingly if his two brothers and one sister missed him at all. They probably did, as he was the baby of the family. He had always been fussed over, and before this, he had resented it. Whoever heard of a big boy being treated like a sissy! Now he knew the value of being loved and cared-for.

The familiar landmarks were coming into view, and he breathed a sigh of relief. His heart began beating faster as he forgot his weariness and hurried down the long street that led to his mother. Panting, he ran up the steps and yanked open the door. His mother saw a cyclone of mud and flying feet. Just in time for lunch, she thought, wondering if he had hurried just for that. In his rush, he did not notice that nobody was out looking for him and that his mother didn't seem worried, and he ran to her screaming, "Mommy, I'll never do it again."

Jane Knight '55

SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE

The bright morning sun beats down on a tiny clearing in the dense tropical jungle. In the open sits a young man, apparently listening to the pleasant sounds around him. Two young monkeys, chattering noisily, play in a tree near him, their mother watching. The singing of many birds is heard farther back in the trees. Beside him a small stream gurgles.

The man sits thus for a few minutes and then, rising, he lifts a heavy pack from the ground and turns into the cool, dark jungle.

For an hour or so he slowly pushes his way through the undergrowth, now slapping at mosquitoes, now pausing a moment for breath. He looks about him. His breathing becomes labored and he pauses more often.

A roaring sound now reaches his ears. He stops and listens for a moment. Then he starts toward the sound with renewed vigor.

The noise becomes louder and louder until the trees around him ring with the sound. The jungle suddenly ceases, and in the bright sunlight a deep gorge, filled with a turbulent river, comes to view.

Pausing near the edge, he eases his pack from his shoulders and drops to the ground. From the pack he takes a map and surveys it thoroughly. He looks at the water some thirty feet below him, shudders, and, getting to his feet, starts walking along the brink of the gorge. He carefully watches the other bank until he comes to a place where the gorge is but twenty-five feet wide. Glancing at the trees around him, he apparently sees what he wants. Reaching up, he pulls down a long rope. Or is it a rope? It appears to be a long root coming from a strange tree. Grasping the end of the root, he retreats into the jungle. Tensing himself, he runs toward the brink, faster, faster, until he is swinging out over the swirling water. He is almost to the opposite bank. The rope stretches no further. He must jump. His muscles tighten. With a mighty effort he springs from the end of the root.

A blood-curdling scream, a great splash, and then nothing is heard but the sounds of the jungle, birds singing, monkeys chattering, and the turbulent river racing along.

Janet Adams '56

DECISION

There was a brief moment of panic as her little hand closed on nothing. She stretched higher, and her fingers finally felt the fifty-cent piece. She had tucked it so far into the top drawer that, for a moment, she was afraid she had lost it.

Today was Saturday, and it had been so long in coming! Mother had promised that she could buy anything she wanted with her money. She had also said that she would provide bus fare, and Betsy had saved up her allowance for the last five weeks. She had her heart set on a little pocketbook, with a gold clasp.

The glory of it lay in the fact that it looked surprisingly like one of her mother's that she carried when she went out in the evening. Of course it was plastic and the gold did look a little tinny, but it was just the same shape as her mother's. There was still one big question in her mind—the blue one or the green one? This had puzzled her for quite a while. Oh, well, she had the money at last, and it would be only a question of time before the purse was hers.

The ride downtown on the bus seemed endless. Once she thought the driver was going slowly on purpose, just to increase her anxiety! The bus finally rolled to a stop and she stepped down into the crowds of blurred faces and onrushing people.

It was colder now. She pulled her warm coat a little closer around her and made her way toward Woolworth's Store. She turned the corner at such speed that she bumped smack into a fat man carrying an armload of parcels. She smiled briefly and excused herself. The man grumbled an apology and went on. Betsy made her way toward the revolving doors. Upon reaching them, she noticed the woman and her child.

The woman had a young face but her eyes looked old and tired. The baby was crying softly and clutching at the sides of the carriage with tiny, mittenless hands. Their clothes were thin and worn, and it made Betsy think again of her warm coat. The sight of the two figures saddened Betsy's heart for a moment, but she was too preoccupied with her own thoughts to care much. Pushing her way past the mother and the child, she entered the store.

She went straight to the counter where the pocketbooks were, and her eyes wandered fondly to the blue one, as she had definitely decided that it was much the prettier of the two. Enjoying the luxury of knowing that it was hers any time she wanted it, she browsed through the store, looking at the contents of the other counters, and, finding nothing more intriguing, was returning to the pocketbooks, when she passed the baked goods counter. This time she saw the mother of the baby again.

But this time, Betsy stopped as if hypnotized. The young mother was trying to slip a loaf of bread into her bag. She was stealing the bread...! Betsy must have spoken out loud because the woman turned quickly with a startled expression and hastily returned the bread to the shelf.

Betsy tried to pretend that she had not seen and hurried back to the pocketbook counter, wishing with all her heart that she had not witnessed the incident.

Suddenly it didn't seem to matter whether she bought the green one or the blue one. In fact, it didn't seem to matter whether she bought a pocketbook at all . . . she knew what she had to do.

She turned around, and, making sure the woman was no where in sight, marched resolutely to the baked goods counter. In answer to the salesgirl's question, she said,

"May I have fifty cents worth of those sugar buns, please?"

The girl put them in a bag and handed the package to Betsy, who took one last wistful look at the shining coin and handed it to the girl.

Outside the store again, Betsy walked up to the carriage and carefully placed the package in it. Then, smiling once more at the baby, she turned and started down the street.

Lee Sanders '55

HOW THE RACCOON GOT HIS SPECTACLES

"How do you know they were stolen?" said the smallest chipmunk to Mr. Owl.

"Because I know that I put them on my bedside table yesterday morning."

"Are you sure that you didn't put them somewhere else just this once?" asked Jimmy the Packrat.

"Of course I didn't," said Mr. Owl. "I wouldn't say I had if I hadn't, would I?"

"I s'pose not, but still—" mused Jimmy.

"Let's elect a detective!" ejaculated Bobby Squirrel.

"That's a wonderful idea," everybody said. "Let's elect some one to find out who stole Mr. Owl's glasses."

"Let's elect Scrawny the Crow," said somebody.

"No, let's elect Sam Squirrel."

"Hush!" said Mr. Owl. "I will do the suggesting. After all, they are my glasses. I think that we should elect Horace the Hawk because he can fly way up high where nobody can see him, yet he can see everybody else. In that way he will be able to find my glasses and the person who stole them."

"Wonderful!" everybody cried.

Just then Horace came flapping lazily down to see what the meeting was about. When he heard what was proposed, he thought it was a grand idea and accepted with pleasure. He promised to do his best and then went off to start his search. All the little animals went back to their tasks of getting in food for the winter. Some of the animals forgot about Mr. Owl's glasses altogether, and the ones who did remember didn't think about them very much. Horace circled around and around in the air and was very careful to watch all that he could, but he couldn't find anything.

One day Jay Bluejay was talking to Roy Raccoon.

"I wish I could see Horace when he flies around way up in the sky."

"I can see him sometimes," said Roy. "He's as clear as if he were right on top of that bush there." The bush was very close.

"How?" asked Jay. But Roy wouldn't answer.

When Horace came down the next time, Jay told him what Roy had said.

Horace went to pay a visit to Roy. He knocked on the door and called out that he would like to come in and talk for a while. Roy opened the door and asked Horace if he wouldn't like some-

thing to eat. But Horace took one look at Roy and jumped at him.

"What are you doing with Mr. Owl's glasses?"

"Well, I—ah, I don't know—"

"I must say, though I shouldn't, that you look very well! Still, I think that you had better give them back to Mr. Owl."

Roy went to Mr. Owl's house to return the glasses, but when Mr. Owl saw how well he looked with them on, he let Roy keep them and got himself a new pair. And that's how the Raccoon got the handsome black spectacles he wears today.

Carol Schwartz, Grade 8

NIGHT

They stood side by side, watching the wind make little ripples on the clear water of the pond, which gleamed like silver in the moonlight. Everything was quiet when, suddenly, a fish jumped, leaving a tiny ring of wavelets which grew larger and larger until it was finally destroyed by the current. The frogs' nightly concert was just beginning, and they could hear the different musicians warming up: the huge bull frogs with their deep bass voices; all the medium-sized frogs of the pond with their tenors and altos; and the tiny spring peepers all singing a high soprano.

Minutes passed, the concert was well underway, the noise was tremendous. They did not move, but just stood there, next to the pond, listening. He was strong and handsome, almost in the prime of his life, with dark hair that shone in the moonlight. She was delicately built, younger than he. She, too, had dark hair, and you could see how fine and silky and beautiful it was as the moon shone down on it.

Suddenly, he sprang into the water. There was a slight struggle; then he emerged, dripping, and dragged a large trout up to where she stood. They dined in silence, not talking to one another. After a while, he asked her to go for a swim. She consented, and the two mink slipped gracefully into the cool water and swam away into the night.

Sarah Mills '56

JAZZ

Jazz! Jazz! Jazz! Funny how that rhythm gets you! You walk into the grill from the brisk winter night. Jazz, your host, rushes to meet you as you walk through the door. He promises you an evening of enjoyment. The trumpets shake hands with you and their touch sends a wild fire through your blood until you're all alive inside. All of a

sudden your body becomes relaxed: your mind loses its worries, and all there is is jazz, jazz, jazz.

A smoke-filled room, a drink, a blare of notes in mad profusion . . . a voice shouts, "Go! Go! Go!" And then the trumpets blast; the drummer goes wild, mad! He beats those canvas-covered mouths as though they had broken all the ten commandments at once. Time stops! You're suspended on a note, as the drums swing into their solo.

The rest of the plaid jackets return, put down their beers, and, once again, they too are caught in the grip of rhythm, jazz! The rhythm quickens, and in the din of music the whole room has forgotten everything but jazz. Your foot stops its staccato beating in time with the music. You feel the room rock with ecstasy as everyone is whirled away on the stream of jazz.

The pianist! Those ten fingers look like a thousand as they flash across the ivory and ebony board. The rhythm shifts like lightning from fast to slow, hot to cool and sophisticated.

Then it dies, this rhythm, this life. It's all over. Your body regains its feeling, slowly you calm down, slowly the ecstasy in your eyes dies. You turn to the person next to you, smile, light a cigarette, and watch the smoke lazily climb to the ceiling. Someone cracks a joke which is answered by a forced laugh. You yearn for the delight and laughter of the trumpets.

The ensemble returns. Your hopes soar, and then sink as the band starts a slow dance piece. You find yourself dancing on the jammed floor. Then suddenly the tempo changes to a fast Charleston. The floor rapidly clears and you remain, dancing faster and faster. Your limbs go loose, tiredness drains from your body. The music acts as a stimulant, urging you on . . . faster and faster. You try a new step. Self-consciousness is gone. You're a showman, you feel as though you could do anything. You salute jazz with that Charleston.

Then the stimulant slows and roars to a stop. You stagger back to the table, you've had your fun and even more. You light a cigarette, take a cold drink, and feel the liquid slide down your throat while you watch five men perform a miracle in a smoke-filled room, a miracle called JAZZ.

Ann Littlefield '53

HOME PORT

The wind was whipping the waves into a frenzy. The gray water surged and frothed and seethed and the little fishing-schooner shuddered. The sky was endlessly black and the rain fell ceaselessly and the little boat fought for progress.

The *Sylvania* was just a wooden fishing smack with a worn out engine, but her men knew that she could defeat this relentless attack of nature. "Aye, she'll make it to 'ome port," her captain would say. "I 'elped to mold 'er an' plank 'er an' calk 'er m'self an' som'ow she ketched some o' my stubbornness. She'll ne'er give up to a li'l summer shower like this!"

The *Sylvania's* crew were just the type of men the proud boat adored. They were eight strong, determined, unyielding New Englanders, and they knew and respected the sea. These eight stubborn men in this one stubborn boat would gain the twenty miles to home port against any odds. Slickers gleamed from the wetness and eyes narrowed against the wind-driven rain. Water poured down the men's necks, in spite of the shining sou'westers they wore, and soaked their four or five shirts. Their hands were blue with cold, as were their lips, and their stomachs growled with hunger. But they fully expected to reach harbor by nightfall—and then, in one hopeless moment, their dream was killed, for through the heavy blanket of fog and rain came the frantic voice of the bow watchman.

"Turn quick!—floating mine dead ahead! Turn about!!" Then fear froze his lips. Everybody remained motionless, as if hypnotized, and the mine bobbed closer and closer. Then the Skipper came to life.

"Throw a line o'er th' bow. If th' mine's dead, we'll hafta hold it off anyway because it'll rip right thru our bow, and if it's alive it may not blow if it doesn't 'it 'ard. Quick! Who'll volunteer t'go o'er the bow an' hold th' mine off with th' pike? We've gotta try an' manoeuvre it otta our path."

A boy of not more than nineteen, whose name was Alan, spoke up. "I'll give 'er a try." Then without a moment's hesitation he picked up the long, heavy wooden pole and went forward. The line was fastened to the port of the bow and a tight loop tied in it for Alan's waist. He swung over the side and was immediately drenched by a heavy swell. He poised and braced the pike and waited. The next wave brought the mine closer and as the seconds crawled by, it danced nearer and nearer. Then, with a metallic clink, the pike made contact with the mine. Alan waited for the explosion, but it didn't come. With all his force he held the mine away from the boat.

Then the pike was wrenched from his numb hands and the mine swung toward him. Alan took hold of the rope with his freezing fingers and, bracing himself against the side of the boat, held off the mine with his legs. But energy was quickly draining from him, and his fingers slowly loosened their grip.

The men on deck were frightened—not of death, but for Alan. He would be crushed if . . .

"He'll never make it!" said one.

"Yes, he will—Alan's a plucky lad," answered another, in the hope of raising the crew's spirits. But he said it heartlessly.

They were all numb—no one knew whether it was from fright or from the cold. A wave came and showered the knotted group of men, but they hardly noticed it, for their attention was held to Alan like a nail to a magnet. He was hanging from the rope limply—and the mine was gone! Unwittingly, nature had helped these men by sending an especially huge wave at the boat. The gigantic, gray cylinder had gone off with it, riding in its foam to some far-off place.

The men stared unbelievably at the sea. Then they pulled Alan up and rushed him below. They cheered and shouted and sang. Hope had returned and spirits soared.

Early that evening, through the fog and rain, a small light was spotted. Home Port! The seas were still running heavy when the boat chugged between the two huge rock piles that made an entrance into the calm, sheltered harbor.

The men weighed anchor and heaved a sigh of relief.

The *Sylvania* was home!

Karen Young '53

IMAGINATION?

There it was—for the second time within ten minutes—a high, wailing sound. Where was it coming from? It was hard to tell, because the sound of the wind and the waves beating against the breakwater drowned out every other sound—except that wailing—strange! Jim Tarnon, the old lighthouse keeper, went around and examined some of the rocks to see if there was someone among them, but he could find no one.

Was he going mad after all these years out here? Was his imagination running away with him? Jim waited and listened for about a half hour more, but since he heard no more strange noises he decided he had better go in and get what sleep his disturbed mind would let him have.

Strange, he could have sworn he heard something besides the wind! He must have been just imagining things, though. This storm had got him pretty worried! Once that night Jim woke up and thought he had heard the wailing sound again, and since he couldn't get back to sleep, he decided to go and take a look around the small island—just to make sure. The wind was still making the angered waves beat mercilessly at the little island. There was no more wailing, so Jim went back inside, still wondering. What could a strange noise mean, when all there was out there was the cold and lonely sea?

The next morning the storm had died down

enough for Jim's helper to come out from the mainland. Through Will, Jim got all the news of the outside world. Today Will sounded more excited than usual. What was he saying? . . . something about a shipwreck out on one of the small reefs about a quarter of a mile out? It wasn't any wonder, with the heavy sea they had had the night before!

Just then Jim remembered the wailing. Could it be? . . . No . . . it couldn't be possible . . . he had looked around among the rocks, but still . . .

Margaret Pevear '54

THE POWER DIVINE

A man, a man, a mighty man,
Above us sits with open hand,
In this hand a torch for love,
Which he gives to the perfect dove.

This man, this man, this mighty man,
That seems so far above this land,
When we make a pleading sigh,
Is with us if we do not lie.

That man, that man, that mighty man,
With strength and power that is so grand,
Has love and mercy that will stand
Forever and forever through his land.

Karen Carlsen '56

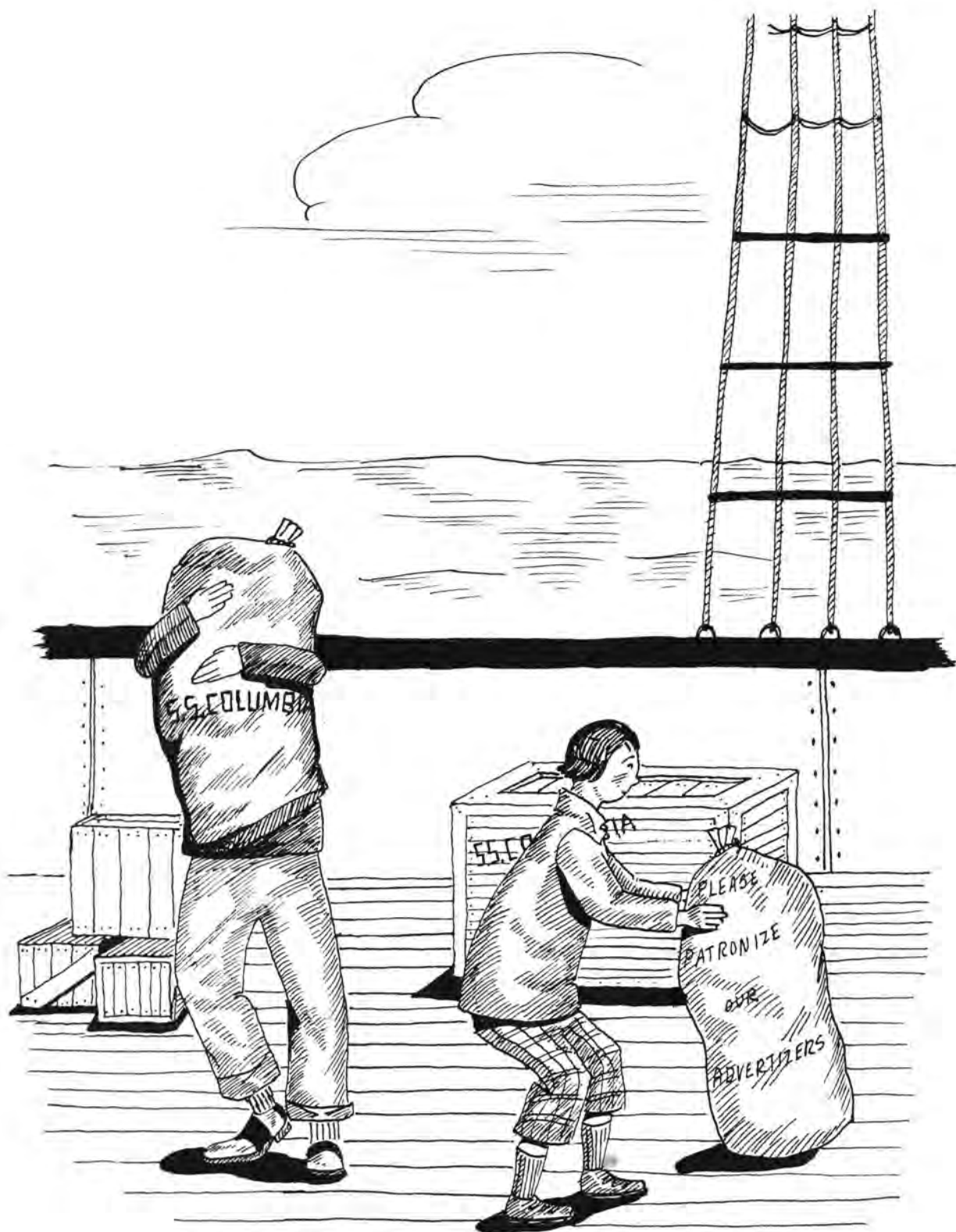
GAY NIGHTS . . . AND MUSIC

'May I have this dance, please?'
They float away—
Caught in the throng of the crowd.
Around and around they go—
Now dipping, now a hesitation,
Now another turn.
The happy faces are but a blurr,
The dresses a rainbow of color.
Like the swirling, twisting,
Multicolored waters of the ocean
They go—
Never ending in their wavelike motions . . .
In happiness.
A gentle breeze drifts in
Through the open French doors.
The cold night air mixes with the hot air of the
room.
But on the terrace it is cool . . .
Cool and quiet and alone.
The music stops,
And slowly—like a receding tide
The dancers leave.
The lights are dimmed
And the last few stragglers turn
For a final glimpse of the streamers
Hanging from the ceiling.
And on the terrace everything is still . . .
Quiet . . . and cool . . . and alone.

Lynn Pucci '53



1. Oh, crumb! 2. The lineup. 3. Whistler's mother. 4. $x + y =$ Sophs. 5. Spring fever. 6. Who, me? 7. On the ball. 8. Why the Chimes Rang. 9. Who Duz it? 10. Wanda Ray. 11. Who's Kidding whom? 12. Economy-Sized. 13. Pres. of the Res. 14. Senioritis. 15. Miss March of Dimes. 16. Making a pass. 17. Did I really? 18. Look out below! 19. Large charge. 20. Senior celebrities.



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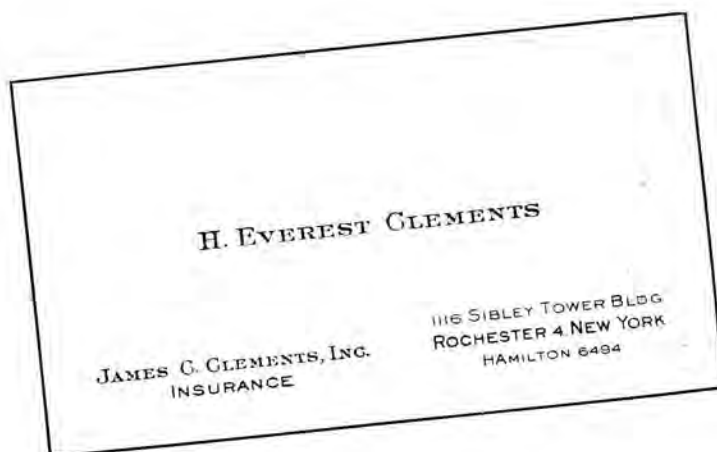
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Ellie leaves the little car she never got to Sally Wadsworth.

Sally C. leaves her job of putting away the pinnies and turning off the gym lights to anyone who wants it.

Sandy leaves her earrings to whoever can find them.

Kitsy leaves her beach umbrella to the U. of R.

Griz leaves the "point" that she never got to anyone who can get it.

Sally H. leaves her parking space to the first one who gets there.

Ann H. leaves one of her pigtails to Peggy Foxall.

Liz leaves her raccoon coat to Cindy, who thinks it's just "out of this world," where it ought to be.

Ann L. leaves Eastwoods to those who follow in her footsteps.

Mare leaves a pair of sky-blue-pink shorts to anyone who's without a gym suit.

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Lynn leaves her seat at the U. of R. games to Barb Bowman.

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